

LEFT HIS BRIDE FOR THE GRIDIRON.

Lincoln's Son-in-Law Hurried to Iowa for Football Practice.

TOOK IT ALL COOLLY.

Got a Letter from His Wife, and Laughed at the Newspaper Stories.

SHE WILL SEE THE MATCH.

Beckwith Rushed Off to Chicago to Bring His Wife Back in Time for the Game.

HER FATHER STILL OBDURATE.

Mrs. Lincoln Is Inclined to Forgive, but the New Pullman Magnate Says the Athlete Is Not Good Enough.

Mount Pleasant, Ia., Nov. 12.—Warren Wallace Beckwith, who eloped with Miss Jessie Lincoln, returned to this city last night apparently no more disturbed over the hubbub he has raised than if he had just scored a touchdown. Beckwith was alone but not disconsolate.

That he had returned home without his bride was no indication that he had given her up or bowed in submission to his imperious father-in-law. He is simply a true athlete, and when he gave his word to the captain of the Iowa Wesleyan football team that he would be on hand Friday to practice for Monday's game with Monmouth, his captain knew that nothing would detain him.

That is why Beckwith left Chicago, left his bride of a day and left his prospects for all the good things that wealth and family had in store for him. In short, Beckwith temporarily gave up his fight with the former Minister of War in order to get in a few hours' practice for a game of football. Beckwith walked home from the train and faced the music like a Spartan.

What occurred in the Beckwith family is not known. The bridegroom arose early and after a light breakfast went to the Post Office and stood in line until the mail had been distributed. He was rewarded with a letter from his wife, bearing a special delivery stamp. The contents so pleased the young man that he laughed with the crowd as the newspaper articles on his elopement were read aloud.

Will Return at Once.

He announced that he would return to Chicago to-night and bring back his wife in time to witness Monday's game—parental objections or not. That the athlete is to be taken seriously in his determination to bring back his bride cannot be doubted, as a number of his wife's girl friends have been invited to call Sunday at the Beckwith home to meet her.

The son-in-law of the new president of the Pullman Palace Car Company declined to further discuss his plans or prospects, or to give any details of the elopement. Beckwith later appeared on the football field in a red sweater and new uniform which he had bought in Chicago the day after his marriage.

Mrs. Beckwith Patiently Waits.

After two hours' hard practice he returned home, and this evening left for Chicago. To-morrow he will claim his bride. It is stated by friends of the Beckwith family that the runaway bride is determined to return home with her husband, and that she will make her home in Mount Pleasant until the hoped-for reconciliation takes place between the aged grandfather and the younger man of large affairs.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Mrs. Beckwith still remains in the Lincoln home, patiently waiting for the coming of her husband. She refuses herself to all reporters, but it is freely asserted that she will go with the man of her choice on his return to Chicago. Mrs. Lincoln, it is now said, is inclined to forgive the elopement, but the father is still obdurate. His only excuse is that Beckwith "is not good enough" to be his son-in-law.

MAN KICKED TO DEATH.

John Burke's Ribs Broken, but for Some Time He Did Not Know It.

John Burke hobbled into Bellevue Hospital Tuesday afternoon with three ribs fractured, his eyes blackened and his face slightly disfigured. He died Thursday night.

Sunday night he received his injuries at the hands of a big unknown man whom the police of the East Twenty-second street station are searching for. All Monday Burke ate his meals with his family, without knowing that the framework of his chest was cracked.

It was in Daniel Strassner's saloon, "The Morgan," that the attack which resulted in his death arose. Both men left the place about 11 o'clock, and when Burke reached his home it was past midnight. He only partly undressed and threw himself upon the bed while the rest of the family was asleep. Monday morning the young man felt a pain in his side, but said nothing. He explained his blackened eyes by saying he fell from the coal cart he drove for Duffy & Sons, coal dealers, of East Twenty-sixth street.

At supper Burke seemed depressed, but slept soundly through the night. Next day he was hardly able to rise. He felt great pain, and on the advice of his mother he went to Bellevue.

It was found that pleurisy had set in, and Burke's condition grew worse until he died. Just before his death he became delirious and cried:

"Oh, don't kick me, don't kick me." Detectives Conroy and Stephens are looking for his assailant.

Ice Stops Russian Corn.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 12.—Owing to sudden frosts the ports in the Sea of Azov are freezing, and consequently a considerable quantity of grain which was being prepared for export cannot be shipped.

THE JOURNAL CALLS A HALT TO THE LOOP OF DEATH.

THE JOURNAL has stopped the Bridge trolley outrage.

The work of laying loops for the New York terminus of the Brooklyn trolley lines must not be further continued in violation of the law.

The Bridge is a public highway. It must so remain.

The Journal secured last night from Justice Leonard A. Giegerich, of the Supreme Court, a writ of injunction commanding the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees, William L. Strong, Mayor of New York; Frederick W. Wurster, Mayor of Brooklyn; Ashbel P. Fitch, Comptroller of New York; George W. Palmer, Comptroller of Brooklyn; J. Seaver Page, William Berri, Seth Keeney and Clarence A. Henriques, to desist from further prosecution of the work.

This injunction is based upon a statute which gives any taxpayer the right to bring suit against public officials for wasting or causing injury to public property.

The law governing the Brooklyn Bridge requires that the trustees of the property, shall "keep and maintain the said Bridge as a public highway for the purpose of rendering the travel between the cities of New York and Brooklyn CERTAIN AND SAFE AT ALL TIMES."

By their action, which this action suspends, these Trustees will daily place in jeopardy the lives and safety of pedestrians and others crossing the Bridge, and thus, in clear violation of their duty, make it wholly unsafe and uncertain.

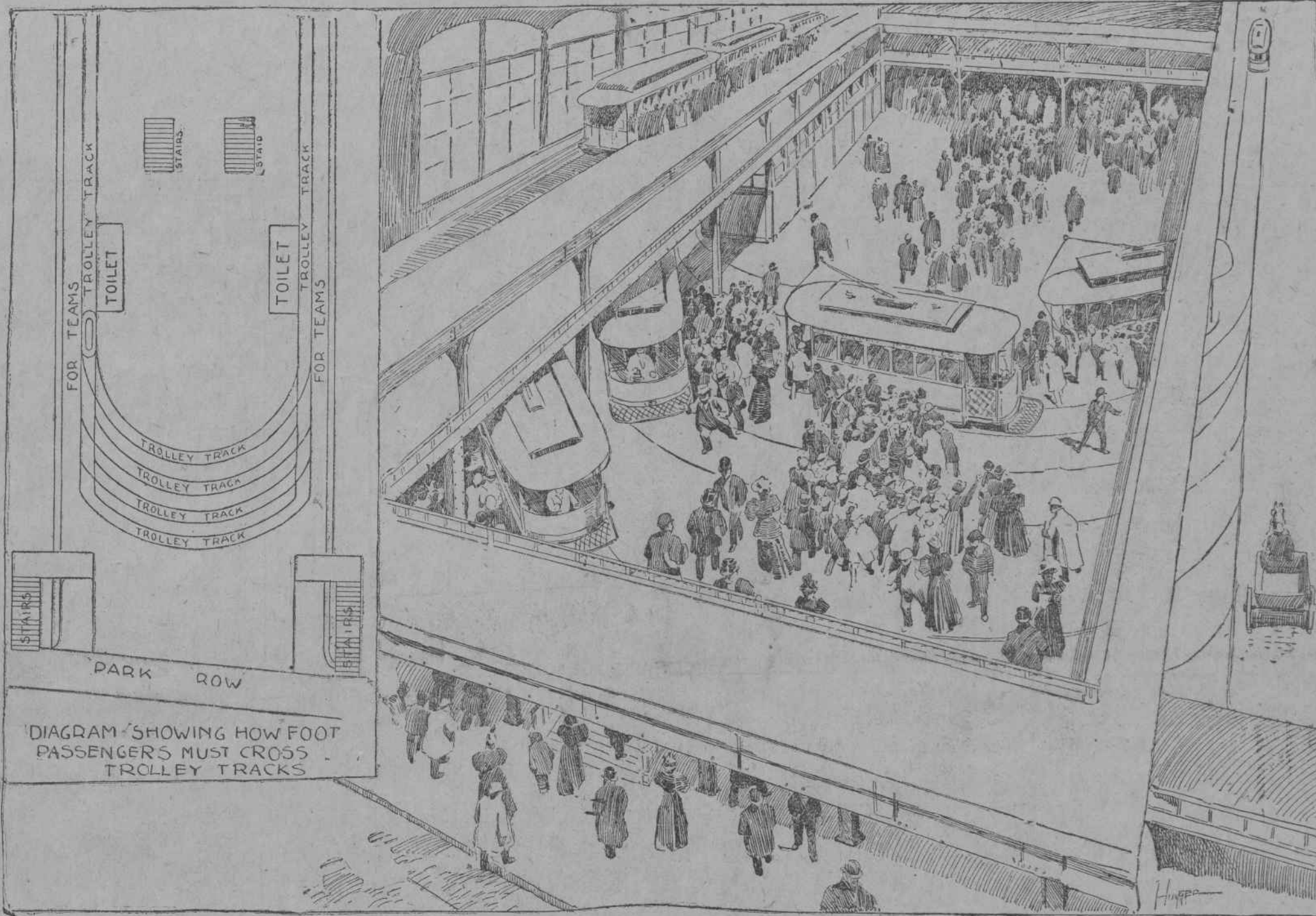


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW FOOT PASSENGERS MUST CROSS TROLLEY TRACKS.

FOUR DEATH CURVES PROPOSED FOR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The diagram at the left shows the four tracks crossing the passageway for foot passengers. The main picture shows how, even at other than rush hours, foot passengers would take life in hand dodging the trolley cars at grade.

YOUNG PULLMAN LOSES HIS FIANCEE.

Formal Announcement That His Engagement with Miss Oglesby Is Off.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Mrs. Pullman fulfilled the expectations of Chicago society to-day by making the formal announcement of the breaking off of the engagement of her son George M. Pullman and Miss Fellicite Oglesby.

The announcement of Miss Oglesby's engagement to one of the Pullman twins came as a great surprise to the friends of the young people over two years ago, and the rumors concerning the date of the wedding have been countless since that time.

When the sudden death of Mr. Pullman, senior, startled the city a short time ago, Miss Oglesby was at the home of her parents, ex-Governor and Mrs. Richard Oglesby, near Elkhart, Ill.

For the last week or two the young lady has been in Chicago, a guest of Mrs. Pullman part of the time. Miss Oglesby has just returned to Elkhart, and immediately with her departure comes the announcement that Mr. Pullman had proposed to release her, and that she had accepted the offer.

Friends of the Oglesby family are stout in their declarations that the dishonor of the young man had nothing whatever to do with the rupture of the betrothal vows.

BEHRIG ARRESTED AGAIN.

Youth Who Says He Is George M. Pullman's Son Made Another Disturbance at the Dead Millionaire's House.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—Gustav Behrig, the young man who declares that he is the illegitimate son of the late George M. Pullman, made another attempt to enter the residence of the deceased palace car magnate today.

The police were called at once, and the young man was quickly locked up in the Twenty-second street police station. Upon his first attempt to assert his claims and see Mrs. Pullman, he was arrested, but it was said then that he was insane. The court made an inquiry into his mental condition at that time, and, guided by the opinion of the medical experts, declared that he was perfectly rational and discharged him from custody.

ROMANCE MAY END ON A HOSPITAL COT.

Silverstein Perhaps Dying of Hiccoughs While His Family Starves.

Five years ago Morris Silverstein was earning \$5,000 per year. Sophie Golden, an extremely pretty girl of fifteen, was attending school. Silverstein was head salesman of a Broadway wholesale millinery house. His father was said to be wealthy.

He met Sophie at one of the annual receptions given by the trustees of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. His hair was tinged with gray, while she was a mere slip of a girl, but the two fell in love. Consent to a wedding was refused by her parents, and his father threatened him with disinheritance if he married so young a girl. Then they went over to New Jersey and did exactly what they had been warned not to do.

Estranged from their families, they nevertheless had a pleasant home on West Seventy-second street, and children were born to them.

Suddenly the man was taken ill. Physicians said he must cease work for many months. They were compelled to move to cheaper quarters and then to still cheaper.

Silverstein's father died, leaving an estate of \$80,000, but the son was not mentioned in the will.

Three months ago found the family, consisting of husband and wife and two girls, Jeanette, and four years, and Evelyn, aged two, living in a tiny, scantily furnished flat at No. 425 East Eighty-sixth street. The husband could not work, nor could the mother, for five weeks ago the third child, named William, was born. When the mother was at length able to be out she managed to pick up a dollar or two a week by sewing.

Last Monday the husband was taken with hiccoughs so severe that he could scarcely utter a word. A neighbor notified Dr. Neugarten, of No. 107 East Eighty-sixth street. When the doctor saw his patient yesterday morning the young wife was affectionately caressing her husband.

"Madam, your husband is dying!" he exclaimed, and the sufferer was sent to the Presbyterian Hospital.

THEFT OF \$8 COAT COSTS \$25,000.

In Running from the Hoboken Store the Rascal Upset a Lamp.

A thief fleeing with his booty upset a lamp. That started a fire which burned two houses and damaged two others. The net result is that twenty families were burned out and \$25,000 worth of property was destroyed. The thief was trying to steal an overcoat worth \$8.

The theft and the fire occurred last evening in Hoboken. The centre of the series of exciting events was the store at No. 365 Newark street, where Harris Greenberg, the beautiful Minneapolis belle, are again laughing at chains and bars. After the couple had been apprehended at Shelbyville, Ind., three weeks ago, and Thomas was taken back to jail in Memphis, Miss Rutherford came to Chicago and remained in seclusion at the home of Thomas A. Fraser, No. 1075 Lavender ave. Last Saturday she suddenly disappeared and on Monday Thomas escaped from the Memphis prison.

It is reported that he bought his way out, and that Miss Rutherford immediately joined him. The couple are now believed to be in the South. This is the third time Thomas has broken jail; he got away in Chicago a year ago, and twice since has escaped from the Memphis calaboose. Miss Rutherford's mother has spent a fortune trying to find her daughter. She arrived in Chicago last Saturday just too late to see the erring girl. When the couple were arrested recently Mrs. Rutherford hastened to her child's side. She pleaded with the girl to return home, but was repulsed. The daughter said she had done wrong and could never live with her parents again.

She cleverly eluded her mother, came to Chicago, and all the while kept in close communication with Thomas. The exact minute he was to escape, it is believed, was well known, and a plan was laid whereby he was to reform Miss Rutherford without her leaving the train.

It was a case of love at first sight between the two. They met on a boat in the South, and Thomas secured the address of the young woman and went to her home in Minneapolis, from which place he abducted her, and endeavored to gain possession of her property.

Since this abduction the girl has never returned to the family home in Minneapolis. Thomas' escape from the Cook County Jail was effected by impersonating a lawyer to the guards, and he is now wanted in the criminal courts on eleven indictments.

Thomas claims he was married to Miss Rutherford in St. Louis four weeks ago.

BROKE JAIL TO MEET THE GIRL.

J. A. Thomas, the Swindler, with Miss Rutherford Again.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—J. A. Thomas, alias J. A. Morris, alias J. A. Thurston, embelzer and jailbreaker, and Fanny Rutherford, the beautiful Minneapolis belle, are again laughing at chains and bars. After the couple had been apprehended at Shelbyville, Ind., three weeks ago, and Thomas was taken back to jail in Memphis, Miss Rutherford came to Chicago and remained in seclusion at the home of Thomas A. Fraser, No. 1075 Lavender ave. Last Saturday she suddenly disappeared and on Monday Thomas escaped from the Memphis prison.

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BOLD ATTEMPT TO ROB A WOMAN.

Charles Morton Knocked Her Down in Broad Daylight.

Charles Morton, twenty-one years old, who gave his address to the police as No. 220 East One Hundred and Third street, was a prisoner in the West Sixty-eighth street police station last night charged with attempting highway robbery.

A woman dressed in deep mourning was walking yesterday afternoon along West Seventy-second street, between West End avenue and the Riverside Drive, when Morton demanded alms of her. She told him she had nothing to give to him, whereupon he made a grab for her pocketbook. She held fast to it and screamed. Morton struck the woman, telling her. Then he saw Roundsmen Quilly running toward him.

Morton ran to the Riverside Drive, followed by Quilly and several others. The would-be thief reached Seventy-ninth street and was captured by Quilly just as he tried to reach the tracks of the New York Central Railroad. He made no resistance, and a few minutes afterward his victim appeared. Morton began to weep, and turning to the woman said:

"Please, lady, don't be hard on me. My poor old mother is dying for lack of food, and I stole to get some money to buy her something to eat. I have not tasted any food myself for three days, and I cannot find any work to do. My brother is a cripple. Please don't be hard on me."

The woman refused to make a complaint against Morton, and walked away, declining to give her name or address.

On the way to the station house the policeman was accosted by a respectable-looking man of middle age, who greeted Morton as follows:

"So you are arrested at last, are you? Well, it's time you were."

At the station house he said:

"I am that boy's father, and I must say he is a bad boy. He broke his mother's heart three years ago with his swindles. His story that he stole to get food for his mother is false. His mother lives in New York and does not want for anything. His brother died two weeks ago. He is worthless and will not work, but spends his time with dissolute companions. I want you to lock him up and see that he goes to prison."

Justice Giegerich Grants an Injunction Against the Bridge Trustees.

MAY END MENACE TO LIFE

How the Scheme Was Rushed Through at a Trustee Meeting.

ONLY ONE OPPOSED TO IT.

Henriques Outvoted at Every Point in His Efforts to Secure Safety for the Public—Amazing Replies of the Trustees.

Who are the authors of this death trap which is being built at the New York entrance to the Bridge?

Who sanctions this gigantic menace to human life?

By whose permission have the trolley companies defied the provision of their contract?

Who orders that the thousands of men, women and children thronging there at dusk shall fight their way homeward at the risk of life and limb?

The contract under which the Brooklyn trolley companies are allowed to run their cars around loop tracks at the Bridge entrance says that a subway under the trolley tracks shall be built, to allow passage from the street to the promenade for those who would walk.

That provision was made by the advice of experts, who calculated the multitude who will have to pass during the rush hours at night and morning, who considered and computed the frightful peril which will threaten there.

Boldly Abandoned the Subway.

In the face of that advice, in the face of protest, in the face of awful proof of the danger which attends trolley transit, the subway is calmly, boldly abandoned.

THE FOOT PASSENGERS ACROSS THE BRIDGE AT NIGHT, HOMEWARD BOUND TO BROOKLYN, ARE TO HAVE NO ESCAPE, NO PROTECTION. THEY MUST TAKE CHANCES BETWEEN THE CROWDING, HURRYING MULTITUDE THERE AND THE FLYING CAR WHEELS WHICH CRUSH OUT LIFE.

Who is to blame?

Colonel "Tom" Johnson, president of the Nassau lines, answers:

"The street car companies stand ready to act at the bidding of the Bridge Trustees and are under contract to build the subway or anything else they may seem to think convenient and safe for the public."

"Each of the roads which is building tracks over the Bridge is under \$100,000 bond to live up to the agreement it has made with the Bridge Trustees, and this made with the Bridge Trustees, and this agreement has placed the companies in such a position that should the trustees say, after all the tracks are down and arrangements complete, that the cars could not run, then we should have no resource but to withdraw gracefully."

"Not even the rails which the street car companies have placed on the Bridge property belong to them, but to the Bridge, and even were the franchise which has been given us withdrawn, we could not reclaim them."

We Will Do Anything They Say.

"We will do anything for the protection of the public, and if it is the sense of the Trustees and Mr. Martin, the engineer, that causeways and subways should be built, we will build them as our contract has said we should."

That answers the question.

THE WHOLE MATTER RESTS WITH THE BRIDGE TRUSTEES.

Whatever condemnation may attach to the trolley companies, for abusing the privilege which has been given to them, for subordinating public safety to their own ends, the accusation and the fearful blame no longer lies at their door.

Mr. Johnson, speaking of the car lines whose maginate and ruling spirit he is, says not only that the Bridge Commissioners can compel them to obey the contract, but that they stand ready and willing to do all that the contract calls for, and more. "We will do anything for the protection of the public."

This declaration, with its context, opens a wide channel to the Bridge Trustees, a channel which they may not longer refuse to avail of.

Mr. Martin, the Bridge engineer, has admitted that the plans call for a subway, and that the Bridge Commissioners called "halt" to the building of it. They said, Mr. Martin declares, "Wait a little, and let's see what we can do without a subway."

Wait a Little, Indeed.

Wait a little. Let the pushing, crowding mass of humanity which makes the Bridge entrance a bedlam at nightfall, take its chances for a time.

See how many lives the trolley juggernaut grinds out. See how alert women and children prove in leaping across the rails and dodging the wheels in their efforts to reach the far track or to cross all the tracks and reach the promenade to pursue their way homeward on foot across the Bridge.

If it kills too many, if too many are benumbed and mangled there, then, gentlemen, you may have to fulfil your contract.